

NIGHT'S REVERIES

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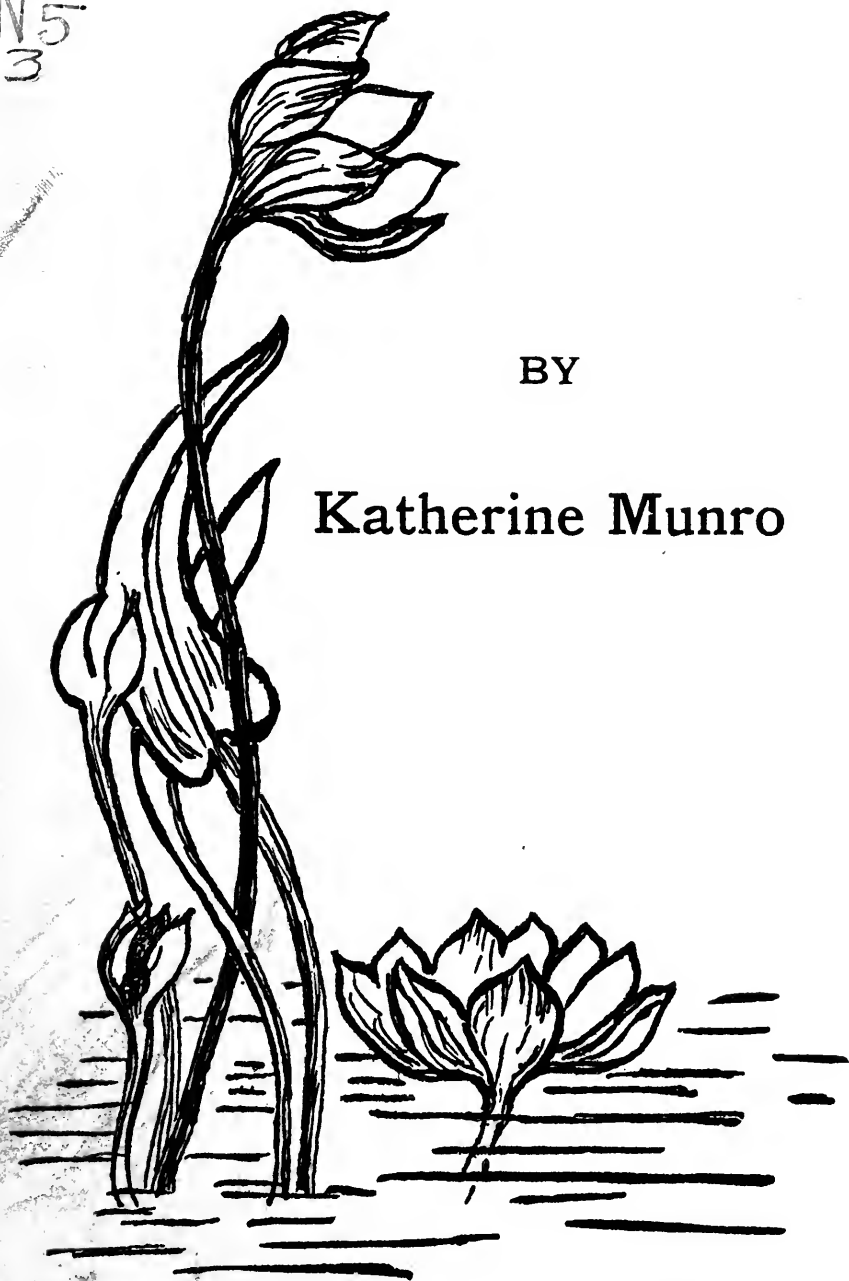
OR

3525 In *The Dreamer's Land*

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BY

Katherine Munro





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NIGHTS' REVERIES

OR

IN THE DREAMER'S LAND

BY

KATHERINE MUNRO
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By KATHERINE MUNRO

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To
My Two Friends
E. A. W. (M. D. D. D.)
G. C. (M. A.)
Both of the University
of
Oxford.
Strong Faith! in Reunion
Hereafter.

*"I do not question what remaining years portend
I know, I shall be given courage to the end."*

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INTRODUCTORY.

I dedicate this little book to two I owe the biggest debts of gratitude, one human being owes others. The first one trained my mental vision on, to see, only, the beautiful in all things.

It was this Friend who taught me the quickest way to divine all shams; and gave me purest ideas of men and women of Royal Blood, crowned by their silent charity, unselfish Loves, and lacking all snobbery.

The other—it was who also shewed me in a kindly patient way—“to shrink from honest labour when circumstances demanded such should be taken up and done for independent life, or to ease another’s heavy burden—was not Pride but Cowardice.

But, to take in hand the daily task, placed to your hands, be it never so mean in appearance or uncongenial, and to do *that well!* was the surest sign of nobility of mind.

I have failed in many things, that both hoped and prayed for me to be successful in and here lies remorse. Still, my greatest wish and ardent hope is near—I think.

If this little messenger will some day find the door of one still living here on earth and lie beside his hands—and to know that *He will understand*, what to so very many will appear most crude, ungrammatical and very incoherent language—makes me glad.

For through its halting, most parts quite mysterious sentences, he'll see all his and the others efforts (and foreknowledge of a dormant gift) to aid, make plain (and guide me) have not been in vain, nor proved that they were wrong.

Go, little Traveller! my heart aches and trembles for you. But, no boat, however grandly built, is counted safe until it has breasted the angry waves that must rise and rush at it to test its strength and worth.

"ESPERANCE" LA BONNE MERE REGINA.

County Delight, S. A., April, 1912.

MY DEAR SYLVIA:—

At last I am trying to carry out your wishes, that I should publish a few of my word-painted scenes after visiting, as you call it, "Nods land" for years.

I put off doing so, in spite of your Jessie and George's kind assurances that they are true and beautiful, simply through a cowardly shrinking from the Reviewer's sneers.

Anyhow, here goes the little Boat, laden with "Living Hopes." May a few welcome some of its contents and find them *Good Food*.

Yours faithfully,

"MAISIE" MUNRO.

N. B. You will at once recognize the first one as being the result of that queer death-like sleep. "Gungea" found me in and roused you to "come and see to Mem," fearing I had really "passed over" and the story of Joe and Sarah (just before the news of his death came) you know (?) This being the first of my many dialogues and realistic visions—not children of Fancy but to me *very vivid* experiences during *deep* slumber. Day and night.

"See to Mem." short for "Memsahib" (natives lingo) in North of S. A., South America, where my dreams first grew.

Year 1884.

“THE RING AND ROBE.”

I was told to go into a large, old garden, to see if it could be made beautiful again, for me to live in and I was to have a special gift given to me there. I did so and found that though it was grown wild through deadly weeds choking the erstwhile lovely fruit trees, creeping vines and rose trees, almost dead, I saw that there was every chance of its being made a good “building ground.” Suddenly there appeared an old house in a far corner and lovely untold-of spot, in this large, wild weed-grown, old, garden-ground.

Strange! I had not been told of that. Well! never mind I will go to it and see if anything can be done to make that fit for living in.

As I thought this I trudged through the long grass, grown almost up to its door. Then I shivered, stood still and became afraid. It was not cold—the day was young and warm—it was not dark nor was there anything creeping round. Why! was I afraid, must not I go any further? But, I *want to*,—to understand why in this Garden its queer old house had been left here—and not inhabited and, why, the house had such peculiar steps of sodden trodden, earth with masses of pure yellow ore in hardened,

glittering cakes—dumped down. Few feet could go over that without some pain.

As I stood trying to will my way against this to me unreasonable fear, I felt I was being drawn closer to the opened door by invisible hands. I felt their pressure, but could not see them—but, I looked in and saw the building contained one room three parts circular, the other a square wall and that, was immediately before me—as I gazed in.

These walls were wonderfully planned and built; the colouring of the three was most peculiar, in tints or, some stains would be the most appropriate term, for these running views, serpentine or undulatory spots and stripes raised from a dark background, mingled with blood-red splashes, as from unseen wounds.

It made me shudder to look at them, yet I was so fascinated that I could not withdraw my gaze from the life-like trembling wavy movements of these uncanny walls—with its dense uncomfortable atmosphere. Was it intense heat hidden behind them, such as is felt and seen on wide fields during burning summer days in our true tropic lands; or was it a furnace built in there from which flames threw out their glazing heat? As my wondering thoughts increased I was quietly, though very firmly, propelled up, into the room and I *felt* the fearful heat. Ah there! *facing me*, my back was still to the door. I realized at once there was an enormous hidden stove—that square, black iron wall—that faced me.

It was from that, that the heat waves came on to the outer walls. I had no sooner thought this out than I heard a swishing noise and many dark, thin-robed figures came into view bearing rough-hewn benches which they placed in rows before this square iron wall—and silently disappeared. As these phantom-like people disappeared others came in but were not as ghostly-looking as the others, for these were weeping quietly, as they filed in and took their seats.

One seat, immediately before the unseen stove, was left vacant as if prepared for a special one: as I noticed this I heard a movement at the door and turned round, to see a

stout, bent figure, dressed in crepe-like clothing, come in and stand waiting.

Why, it is Sarah Mac! my Friend. I went up to her, but could not speak; as I did this a tall figure standing near the vacant seat signed that I should go over to the door and allow the newcomer to come up and take the seat. I stood hesitating as to what was the right thing to do? for the force-hold hands had now left me and I noticed my dress was quite out of keeping with theirs—I should go.

All this while Sarah stood waiting, so I quickly decided she should remain at the door on a form—and I would take the seat before the stove. She had always dreaded heat far more than I and now she looked so unlike bright Sarah, terribly haggard and gray.

I got to the seat and stooped to sit. Suddenly a trap door opened at my feet and I slid through into another room. The room in which I now stood was very large and dazzlingly white, but made of a simple wood, perfectly empty, not one window or door nor any seat in there. I put up my hand to shade my eyes from the glare of the white wood, which made them ache. Ah! a cool breeze poured down upon my head increasing until its strength and roughness made me remove my hands and look up.

Half-way down from the top of a long staircase (which ended at my feet) stood Joe Mac, Sarah's husband. I was so glad to see him come to me in my great dilemma, but I did not speak. He too seemed very happy to know that *I knew him at once*, though he looked many years younger than his age.

As I placed a foot upon the first step to go up to him, he put up his hand, then spoke, "Not yet, dear May, only wait and see what is to be yours after your work *out there is done.*" I knew instinctively he meant *my building in the old, old garden ground.*

He raised his arms above his head and drew down a fleecy robe and between his thumb and finger I saw a brilliant star which stood off from a wide, golden band.

“These are for you” he said, “but not nearly yet.” “Look at your hands.” I did, and saw that in each palm I had a crystal ball with wells filled up with Mercury. How had they come there unknown to me? He read my thoughts and answered, “They came from you and to you into your hands. *Life of your life and not that alone the lives of others* a sacred boon. Courage and Trustful Faith give these to thee. Work well with Love to life.”

Year 1885.

"THE SHIP AND ROCK."

It was Easter-tide when we embarked at mid-day on board the steamer 'Hope' which was a trader going West, so we took our berths.

I did not know why—but I felt uneasy all the time as she ploughed her way through the waves for several days; yet all seemed so serene.

The man, my close companion, filled me with foolish fears. He was not by any means unkind, but we did not know each other, though everyone on board believed we thoroughly understood our lives. He was always near me and was bright and intellectual. At times I dropped this nameless fear as I listened to him, and he would often dive and bring up gems—for my appreciation—from the rich stores of Great Men's minds.

One special day, near our journey's end, a day or so from shore, we sat apart, quite unintentionally alone on deck. The Captain of 'The Hope' came up and stood before us and addressed him, my companion in an abrupt and awkward way, "Can you swim, Mr. A?" he asked. "Yes, of course!" the other answered quickly, "Why do you ask, is anything wrong?" "Yes, I fear panic," the Cap-

tain replied, "we are on the rocks,"—he added "hemmed in all round, these are the very worst kind of the 'submerged' ones which cannot be seen, nor can one have the faintest notion of them until you land upon them. I am glad to find that *some can* swim," the tones verged to sarcasm as he continued, "there are not enough 'Life boats,' on board *this* ship, to carry all souls to that shore." He looked pityingly at me as he moved on.

The wind had risen, and dark clouds scudded round; the steamship seemed most uneasy in her laboured movements. The Captain had hardly disappeared when a voice close to my ear said, "I will save you."

I looked round, but my companion was not there. Who could it be? There were many others now on deck but none but he could do this for me! Ah! here he comes.

"Did you speak to me before you left," I asked him as he came up and stood beside my chair. "Yes," he answered, but in such changed tones, my heart grew cold in despair: as I looked up he added "Have no fear I shall swim." Was not it my strained mental condition that imagined this? Surely, surely, not cowardly fear had given this haggard pallidness and cringing air. No, I will not believe it of him, it is my cowardly fear.

The ship gave a sudden lurch, a leaping bound (that drove all else from my mind) a horrid long shiver of vibration came next, then a harsh cracking sound as she leapt again and then heaved over, and settled down to a dread stillness.

"She fills and sinks" my companion said and grasped my arm, drawing me to the leaning side as the ship rolled over,—and from which we plunged into the madly rushing surf, between those deeply hidden rocks, now faintly seen. We could see a boat struggling to gain our side; but, it was driven hither and thither by increasing winds and high waves. A great storm gathered overhead.

My heart sank, I saw my fears, that had gathered on board ship, were not without true foreshadowing and this

man of boasted strength and skill could neither swim to save himself nor attempt to keep my head above the waves. His weakness was pulling both under *to sure death*. In maddened terror I called out, "Help! oh, help! is there not one-Soul-near to hear?" A rapid flash of lightning shewed me a rock, which rose as a needle from the surface of the waters immediately at my head—from its pinnacle hung down two arms and the hands were *strong and wide*.

"Place your hands in mine" said a calm, strong voice; as I did so, I was overwhelmed with emotion—(this, I knew, was the voice that had spoken to me on board), as he drew me up from the waters that had grown strangely calm. I gained courage to look up and said, "He, my companion, save him too." "Yes," came the prompt reply, but you first," *and He drew me up*.

1886.

“Love much, your Faith will be dethroned and shaken,
Your trust betrayed by many a fair, false lure,
Remount your Faith, and let her trusts awaken;
Though clouds obscure them yet the Stars are pure!
Love is a vital price—and must endure.”

THE LADDERS.

A beautiful house I owned was razed to the ground by a tempestuous gale.

I stood within the railings on a small platform and looked before the many shattered treasures lying about. None of these things seemed to stir the least emotion in me.

I waited to see how long the hurricane would last—perhaps I, too, would be broken and swept away ere it ceased, for my refuge was by no means too secure a foothold.

A stranger hurried up to the scene of chaos and stood battling with the whistling winds. They came from all quarters it appeared.

Buttoning his coat tightly, he bent down and gathered up fragments of a rich gilt frame, which, until then had

escaped my eyes. A groan rushed from me. He turned, and seeing me out there alone, quickly surmised that they were mine. Coming up to the platform he handed the bits to me. They were the mutilated parts of an 'Old Master's' painting—the picture of my Dearest Friend. I shuddered and took them.

He bent his head in silence. I could not see his face as he moved on. I knew nothing more for some time.

The hour was dark, though long past midnight when I awoke and I could not move, with recollection gathered fast.

Burying my face in my hands I lay upon bare earth, face down filled with a wild despair.

Come what may now, I don't care. *There is no God.* All hope had gone. I was almost suffocated, but by what? I could not tell until I tried to rise. Then I found I had drawn down upon myself a net that hung upon a gate near by. So tightly did it pin me down by its great weight I could not lift one hand.

Ah! across I saw a hand. At once, I felt instinctive hope for Life! This hand will surely take the net away. But I was wrong, a finger of the hand pointed to a rent. I dragged myself up to that and heavily crawled through. And so went on the whole while in utter silence as the finger pointed.

Was it a hundred times? far more, almost a life-time! did it seem to me at last! I pulled myself through the very last rent, and gathering up what little strength of Will I owned, I rose upon my feet and breathed air freely again. Nothing else to be seen but barren land—not one living creature but myself; even the net had gone with the hand that had guided me out. No, again I was wrong! A ladder stood up before me, made of rough-hewn branches, such as one sees in country places, used for birds to roost on. Thinking aloud I said, "What is the use of this, I cannot mount it!" Suddenly the hand appeared again, the finger of the net deliverer *pointed again that I must do so.* "No, no, it *cannot* be done." "Oh! yes," for the finger steadily

pointed (as it brought me through that other dilemma) I must trust again the "Finger Guide" seemed to say.

I put one foot upon the first rough rung and trembled, the ladder shook, but strange! the vibration seemed *to steady me*, though I was still afraid, and apparently it did not matter one iota to the "Guide" for the finger simply pointed steadily up! Doubting, trembling, I put on the other foot, and suddenly gathered full strength to hold hard, on what? Help that was in mid-air *for of that I am perfectly sure*. My hands were firmly grasped as I climbed up on the rough-limbed lottery ladder.

At the upper end of this tree-limbed structure another, but much better one appeared. That was of smooth, plain white wood, with sides to hold upon and this was a much, much longer ladder, the end was not visible to the naked eye. As I stepped fearlessly upon it I was left alone to mount and a feeling of exhilarating power seemed to be placed within my hands: for I sang as I climbed, part of an old hymn we had used in my home at morning prayers when quite a child:

"Through sleep and darkness safely brought

Restored to life! *by power of thought.*"

This was all I could recall of some of the lines.

I suppose it was this that carried memory back, for, as I looked at the side while still going on, I saw a sign that made me stop awhile by every clime I had visited, or lived in. I saw faces of Friends made there and some of the relatives 'gone on' seemed happily waving me up! *The face of that Dearest One*, whose picture was smashed through great storms, showed out! Alone! with upturned face, gazing to where *my end should be*.

There were a few who seemed not quite as the others were, there was a restlessness in their gestures. But this did not affect me, they were a few who had been as 'ships that pass at night' unseen, hardly known of by me. Strange! as I recommenced my climbing I felt no regret that I was not with those standing out there.

For I knew that they wished me to mount to the end and *I saw* that they wished me well. After a time, and a time *at rest I saw the end of my ladder was resting against a House!* It was as one being built. Could this be for me? 'Yes,' seemed sent down; for immediately some one appeared who seemed to be the Master Builder and stood at the top of my last step, waiting till I should arrive.

As I reached the very last rung, he said 'come over' this is your resting place. Your 'Home' is much farther on. There is yet another, but very small ladder for you to climb upon. I went in and saw that one. As a House Ladder I climbed and sat upon it as I was told to do.

The Builder then handed me a letter, the border was black and deep.

'Open and see,' he said. I did, and found it contained a single card on which was painted the Head of a Dog; below the line *one* word, its name 'Faithful.' *This was written in red.* 'Your Guide to the End' he said and I awoke.

RECOGNITION TO RESIGNATION.

“Straight through my heart this fact today
By Truth's own hand is driven;
God never takes one gift away,
But something else is given.

No matter if the crushing blow
May for the moment down me
Still, back of it, waits Love, I know,
With some new gift to crown me.

I did not know in earlier years,
This law of love and kindness;
I only mourned through bitter tears
My loss, in sorrow's blindness.”

RECOGNITION.

Grace was in London at the time it happened and then returned to her home 'The Willows' in the South. It was November, the foggy month, when hearts cry out for sunshine that 'Joy' was taken. Life then became a bitter, clinging weed, Beauty! Love! Hope! Faith! fled quickly weeping from her house at sight of this.

'Love' was the first one to come back, then 'Faith' and last came sweet-tuned little 'Hope!' She lingered at the gate which had grown very rusty, until 'Love' shook it rasping open.

'Faith' climbed upon the railings and beckoned 'Love' that they, too, had returned. But it was a long time past the month that 'Joy' had gone from her sad mother's heart.

This was a day of June's rich making. A sunny, soft-breathed, airy day and 'Time' began a tender coaxing love-song, while Grace sat dreaming, face in hands under a spreading willow tree. She heard his notes, but very faintly, though they were strong and true. As he drew nearer with his flute and stood behind her, she looked up and murmured, "What is that, surely, it is *not* melody?" and then she said, "Yes, so it is, but where? it *cannot be here within my ground?*" "Yet strange," she added, "to-day it seems to me as if my lovely babe 'Sweet Joy' is here. The lily, rose and myrtle are all in bloom just as those glorious eyes of

blue so quickly spied them and the tiny hands outstretched to try and catch them, and she'd coyly coo and quickly hide her face upon my shoulder as if to woo the blossoms to a romp at 'hide and seek.'

How this gentle, sighing self-same breeze reminds me of all her sweet wee ways. In fancy I can see her rippling, golden curls wave in the air. "See, see!" she in startled tones then exclaimed, "what is that over there a—— a—— strange new rose tree! Whose hands have placed so beautiful a thing within my ground unknown to me!"

So Grace rose up and dragged her weary limbs, pressing her painful brows as she brushed her heavy eyelids too—all grown stiff, aching, and dim—through lack of action, rest from brooding, and want of soothing sleep.

Slowly she got beside the tree on which there waved one beauteous snow-white 'Flowerette,' a 'Pearl of Roses,' just newly opened.

Trembling, she gazed upon it. She had fasted long and all but fainted as she stooped to have a closer look at this blossom in the garden, which some unknown loving soul had placed in view—this, which had moved her strangely from the long deep-seated gloom beneath the willow branches.

Again the notes of 'Time's' soft flute stole sweetly to her ears, closer and closer, steadily on and on he came to her—she heard them now distinctly for she had left the willows sorrowing, low-sighing branches.

Both rose and notes of 'Time' brought forth emotion. Warm tears gathered and quickly filling her eyes, ran over and fell upon the petals of that rose that she knew someone's loving thoughts had placed in this corner of her *neglected ground where all willows had congregated to hide sweet sights and sounds*. Again she starts, this time she stands erect. A radiant sunny stream of light pours down upon her head and warms her limbs (grown oh! so cold and stiff through lack of happy, moving deeds) and on the branches of the rose tree, near the flowerette on which Grace's tears had fallen, glistened dew-drops, 'sprays' from

the sudden filling of the tiny petal cups, adding a greater lustre to the already dazzling whiteness of the flower and a clearer freshness to the leaves. As Grace looked this way 'Time's' coaxing overwhelmed her, but she brushed away more rising tears to see more clearly the quick unfoldment of so many buds that at first she had not noticed near the one quite opened that her eyes had rested on so long, thinking *this the only blossom to be seen*. While she watched these other perfect blossoms she thought the buds were waving up and down, as if silently urging her, Grace, to look up and around. She looked at them at first in listlessness until bending her head she *saw her Form*. This completely roused her and she shuddered 'for the mass of rank clinging weeds so full of slimy earth' had wound closely round her binding her limbs.

"What shall I do" in awestruck tone she cried, tugging at these the while her efforts being frustrated. In despair she threw up her hands in prayer for strength. This she quickly got.

Grace's weak hands grew firm in grasp—every tendril is loosened from its hold—the weeds give way and *she is free*.

At first she was a little weak and faint after her struggling efforts; but not for long.

A sweet, low, cooing call or rather a sound of low sweet laughter greets her ears. Her eyes grow soft, then full of lustrous light and *now she listens and watches intently*.

The laughter and cooing calls draw near, nearer, and the words she hears, to her heart, are sweet. Mother dear! Mother heart mine! look out, close at your hands, beside you, see 'Joy' is here so near to you. Grace's sad heart bounds now in gladness as she turns and sees the image of her darling 'Joy' who waves its tiny hands and lifts high the brightest face—grasps the railings waiting for recognition! and for Grace to clasp it in her arms. This sweet, wee soul-as-'Joy' she mourned as lost to sight (and for ever), those long weary, wintery months gone by.

1900.

THE YOUTHFUL GUIDE.

I became restless and uncomfortable in the house I lived in after my marriage.

But I would not leave it until my children were old enough to chose another for themselves.

Custom and sentiment tied me to it. All my little ones had heard the first prayer under the wide open windows facing East and their tiny upturned faces had received the crosses of crystalline rain-drops from a hand now no longer there—a hand that I revered—a voice I loved to hear as he used the Master's words.

“Suffer little children *and forbid them not* to come unto me.” He was a steward in thought, word and deed in his Master's behalf.

Friends noticed my unsettled state of mind and urged my trying one of their dwelling places for a time at least. So on several visits away from home I joined them in theirs. The complacent faces round me made me long to gain something of this seeming ‘mind at perfect ease’ state that was theirs.

The increasing chilliness of our atmosphere went to the

bone so I could not any longer allow sentiment or custom to rule me to death, in so cold a "House of Prayer." An earthquake took place over my head, about mid-day, one day, that shook my faith; shortly after this there appeared a foggier aspect than ever all round me, so with flickering light in hand I went out seeking some other home. I heard of a road to one with many vacancies but it did not forcibly appeal to me, that district.

Going up a side street I knew well, where several of different orders stood, there was one that had always fascinated me (it seemed so warm and invitingly stood open day and night to strangers), this kept me for a time spell-bound, its warmth and charity appealed to my chilled heart. The building was magnificently planned and built. Architect and Master Mason had outvied each other in putting forth and placing their best efforts in plans and structure.

The windows kept strangers silent in admiration of the artist's wonderful work. I alone, of those who stood there at that time, could not suppress my seemingly insensate giggles, that made those close by mutter and frown at me. The window facing me represented so many images of divine people that I loved but which to my mind's eyes seemed such inappropriate examples for us to follow, *as they stood*, practical symbolic example I needed then. Peter, the 'rugged rock, sure Comforter for all failures,' the being I had heard described so often as a child by a 'Preacher-leader' who especially loved this Fisherman, Shepherd's guide, was garbed in flowing gaudy robes, his face, a weakling's, wore a self-satisfied smirk. Beneath was an inscription "Rock of our Hope."

It had not struck me so forcibly before. This night I was critical for I was eager for a sure happy home. No! this would not do, for my Peter could never have had that kind of face nor cared for those gaudy robes entangling his eager feet and ever restless arms. How often my heart had leaped in hang-head shame with him as I heard the old words, "I know him not" and again that organ had trembled

with sympathies, vibratory reaction as this followed clearly, slowly. "He-went-out-and-wept-bitterly"
the intense stillness (that had followed ere our Preacher went on) made me see Peter with that heartache so plainly that I longed to go to him, touch his hand, and gripping it, show him what I felt for the time was clouded by overwhelming woe. That that 'Other *Divine* Lover' loved him all the same: though his heart ached too at the failure. It was this 'long ago descriptive talker's' view of Peter's whole appearance which rushed back to my mind's eye making this other picture touch my absurd sensory nerves; at this, to me, caricature of 'so dead-earnest' a nature free of all self-centered show. He of so forceful a nature, oh no!

I turned away. No! it would not do, I could not go in there. Peter, my rock, my pillar to which to hold when doubt's rough waves rose up to draw me away from sure foot hold. Faith would never have the same influence did I sit and watch him as an effigy or on a window which faced East, blotting out God's glorious sunshine and not allowing a whisper to enter of a fresh, strong breeze such as the Fisherman Apostle must have loved to take in deep draughts for expanding his lungs for the keen action his eager mind and frame demanded on earth, and *I am sure*, elsewhere too. As I walked slowly back I suddenly stopped at a low fence and remained some time retrospecting. I was suddenly thrown back on myself.

I lived over again my life in a far tropic land. I was about sixteen. One picture, in particular, rose to my mind's eyes.

It was of a large almost ugly white and brown painted house, not one artistic wonderful window there, no special seats allotted to the mighty ones of that land, though several such constantly came there. Everyone gathered under that roof had the same and there was not one amongst them who would not at once rise and offer the best, that by chance he had, to an outsider standing on the threshold awaiting a welcome there.

This plain old building was erected on this site in memory of a martyr's fiery exit and the house bore his simple name. 'Smith House' had two square porches, both facing East (the musical repository stood between); anyone was welcome to come and sit in them and those who did not care to stay and hear the discourse could go away without disturbing others. The choral parts were famed for their beauty being always selected with great care. The forms were of the plainest, simplest; for young children and weak adult brains to take hold on, and turning them whichever way they looked always to face the Sun for strengthening the Secret Life. It was there, in the hall, and in the 'living room' where the actual mental food was prepared. I saw again an old man standing. He was handsomely tall, erect! and his age long over sixty; though his head was turning white rapidly; the eyes held constant flames of ardent zeal in his Master's work. Children and animals found in him a constant friend. One episode come up quickly; I will give it to you now.

There had been a national upheaval. He would not take any side. Always ready to aid the sick or wounded, give shelter to the starving poor of either side, he openly condemned, or cheered, either side that came within his sight of minds injustice or rights.

Men of note often gathered at his homely board; if unadvisedly argument arose and he saw that ill humour must follow he would courteously rise and say to them, "Gentlemen, I regret it, but these fierce words cannot be allowed in my house." Then he would hold open the door and bow *both sides* out. They all honoured him for it and constantly sought his impartial aid. He was poor as this world reckons.

This special day I called to memory was one full of deepest love and sadness, for he soon after 'passed on.'

A group of men stood round him. Horrid, some repulsively so, criminals of the lowest brutal type, natives of many different countries, but all claiming his protection

then and each found their own name. Some one said, 'Mon Roi,' another called him 'Major Domo,' another 'Signoro.' Most of them spoke of him always as the Hidalgo, but one who had crouched in a corner put out his unwashed hand, touched him and said, 'Mon Frère!'

The old man's eyes lighted with gladness as he grasped the claw-like fingers with his clean, firm, wide hands. "Manuel," he at once replied, "of all these," pointing to them with the other hand, "you alone have given me my title. My Brother, what can *I do to help you now?*"

Suddenly, before Manuel could reply, an inner door burst open, a sergeant of the town-guard came in followed by his men. He saluted and addressed the old man (who had put up his hand to stay their rush), "Si, si Signoro," the sergeant answered, again saluting added, "Hidalgo" we all call you, "but why do you of noble birth touch such as these?" and he brutally pushed some with his boot. "Surely, in time they will defile your very boards."

A little way off from this scene in the hall stood a very handsome young man stroking his well-kept moustache. Years after he became a famous just judge; at *this* time he was *the* officer commanding this rough guard's company. His history was such that no honest man did he understand would allow his child or wife or sister to touch his hand.

The old man looked at him; turning again he asked the sergeant, "Is not he your captain in his way worse than these; he has had *long years of training*, yet, I have him in the Master's house too."

"Si Signore, 'Padrone,'" the man answered and impatiently shrugging his shoulders added, "but what is that to me, we, half waving a hand to his men, are blind to his deeds; we leave him and them *to you and his mind* 'Padrone';" and he quickly added "we have been here too long already. To disobey his orders *even in here* means perhaps death to me."

The sergeant half turned as he again hurriedly added, "What is the use of it all, Padrone! you have tried over and

over again and failed to keep them straight. Every time I seek I find ring leaders at your feet in this house who think we dare not take them! It is always the way. Why give your days to those of us who are not better than dogs?"

The old man has listened with white drawn face and lips. There was keen pain at his heart (we knew) and it was with strained nerves we awaited his answer from our place of concealment near a window.

Drawing himself up to his full height he spoke in tones clear, though slow from suppressed heartache. "Silvester," he said, "You are right. I deserve this, it is my punishment to hear, and to bear, from your lips and hands (this man he rescued when a lad). I alone am to blame for failure, I was *too sure* of the way hoping to lead." He then extended his hands over the culprit's and in a clear voice added, "Dominus vobiscum Homo sum," and signed the cross.

The words and action acted as a clarion call. Every grovelling man rose and stood erect by the soldiers. As Silvester gave the sign to march, quickly eyeing his commander, one by one, indifferent to the soldiers guarding, hustling them on, the culprits seized the old man's hand and pressed it to their foreheads. Manuel was last, and as he neared the door to the porch, he called back in a shrill voice and with perfect pronunciation in words of the older language, "Sublimess es homo!" adding as they reached the steps, "Nil humanum alco alienum esset," which was mumbly echoed by the others in feebler tones as they filed out before Silvester and his men who pushed them on.

The sergeant and his men saluted steadily as they followed. It was not to the future Judge, the Commander; but to the old man whose head was bent on his hands that gripped the rail.

That ugly brown and white house passed to other hands of a new order. Most of those stewards prefer Judges alone to claim the privileged kindred of that Brotherhood. I grew bitter.

My arm was touched. I turned to see a youthful woman at my side. She had followed me, apparently the whole way, and shared my thoughts. As our eyes met she smiled. Pointing to the so-called 'God's House of Prayer' she said, "Of all, you have not yet chosen. Only a memory supplied your mental view of what the Master's stewards should be. Come, we will go on!"

Feeling most irresponsible, I followed, leaving all to the 'Youthful Guide.'

At the end of 'Dolores' street we turned on to a broad, clean road. A few paces ahead in the middle of it stood two large white pillars with a narrow opening between them.

My 'Guide' drew her arm away and glided through, then turned and beckoned me to follow. I did, but it was not quite as easy for me to glide through. It was the only way to go for on either sides flowed silent rivers and no conveyances for us.

The 'Guide' then took my hand and led the way up a few broad marble steps. As we mounted I counted them. I was weary and said "I am now on six, you are always one above, yours is seven." At this she disappeared, I wondered why, instantly she reappeared but did not touch me again. She signed to me to look, I did and saw a grand forest. Such trees! beyond description. Through the branches of the tallest strongest and most beautiful I saw a steeple and knew at once it was a Church. The branches, there were many, bent very low, but not as such do in a storm. *It was a slow rhythmical movement and low.* Then I saw a clock which rested on a Human frame. It completely covered the parts of a man where the chief organs of true life should be. The Roman numerals were formed by brilliants which blazed as sunlight's rays; and a crimson gem rested in the centre. Human hands pointed out the hours but *that* hour, I could not tell. For, as the clock made the usual whirring sound before striking, I was amazed to hear a voice above me say "it is the hour before they rest."

How can I describe this Human clock voice. It was as if the vocal chords were of purest but frailest silver that was lifted and then crashed upon perfect but hollow crystal and was slowly swept over by receding sea-waves, taking a deep breath for strength, which was emitted oh, so slowly, until it was quite stilled by a sad sigh-like sound. As it ceased I heard a carriage roll up and stop beside the pillars.

I saw and knew all the people who got out, so I drew within the shadow of the nearest pillar, *I was not dressed as they.*

My 'Guide' *came over me* and said, "You must not hide, your lamp is alight in your right hand. *Show them the way that you were guided to come through and found the one true Church.*

I woke—it was only a dream.

Friends will find the Dreams and Visions, call them what they like, have not been given to me for self, or mine alone as guidance; but to aid many who came into my life, and theirs after as well. To show that it is not only to the apparently *Best Workers* in this Planet Earth that God sends his agents, nor solely to those who attend constantly to this world's Churches.

They are to show that the true Church of God "*God's House*" is in ourselves: that many of those whose shadows never darken Earth's House of Prayer may be the truest worshippers of God, *through* Jesus "Christ" who has been in and on Earth.

'The Temple' being built is within themselves—a heart full of *wordless prayers*: 'the Organ' sending forth its sweetest chants and symphonies, the sea, children's *happily trained* voices, and the bird's sweet songs; 'the Preacher,' Earth's grand, glorious forms of Nature, wherever one turns and 'the Collection' asked for and *must be given—what we share quietly with God's anointed Poor.*

“Oh, let the sympathy of kindly deeds and words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, homeless, and the weak;
And *He* will Bless You. *He* who struck those chords
 will strike others
When in turn you seek.”

"For subtle influence that made me strong . . .
Dear Lord I thank thee."

THE ROSES.

My work was in a 'Cottage Home' as daily special nurse. This evening I came home so weary that I did not even light my lamp, but throwing my hat upon a table sat down by the open window, deep in thought. It was a calm, sweet summer evening. I had handed over my duties for the morrow would be my wedding day. How strange! This made me seek the picture of the man I would so soon call husband. It stood beside my unlighted reading lamp. I was startled into ejaculating fear, "What does this mean!" My eyes fell on a group of men at the door of my sitting room. I watched and waited to see what they would do, and wondered who they were and what they wanted? I could not see them distinctly through the dim-lighted room. One drew away from the others and as he came more into sight the others slowly disappeared. The moon was bright enough to light my room, but this man was partly in shadow, at the inner part of the door. He saw me and came up the room and stood almost at my chair. I asked, "Are you a Friend?" he bent his head. "But you are a stranger to me." He shook his head. "Well, Friend, unknown to me, will you do me a favour?" He came nearer and spoke, "Ask

it," he said. I pointed to a bottle full of oil; "take it," I said, "and kindly fill and light my lamp that we can see each other. I ask this being over tired to move and that alone. He took the bottle, moved half way across and came back swiftly. "Now, what is wrong?" I asked, "the lamp is here at my hand." "I know," he answered, "it is full, lighted and burning, *cannot you see?*" I was annoyed. He has come here with intention to insult me, so I sat up erect! "Who are you?" I rudely asked, then turned and saw the lamp, he was right. He only smiled, "Never mind that now; *though you should know me,*" he added. "In some way I have roused you and now hurt your pride; is it not so?" he added. This was quite true, so I asked again, "Have you a message, gift, or do you require something from my hands?"

In answer he held up one of his hands, that held a lovely full-blown crimson rose.

"Is this for me?" I asked, strangely surprised. "You take or leave," he answered. I was bewildered. I cannot wear this glorious thing upon this old soiled gown I now have on, and what will happen should I refuse his gift? He read my thoughts at once and answered, "that does not matter. *It is not yourself* which wills to take or leave *the wish is yours. The mind is you.*" I took the rose indifferently and placed it on my knee. "Ah, why this?" I exclaimed; for each petal moved as if by some near unseen finger, and slowly one by one, and then in showers; the rose leaves fell upon my feet that rested on a foot-stool and a great sadness filled my heart.

"See, see!" I said, "you knew it would not last. Such beauty could never rest where all is sad, dreary and worn by this earth's moil!" His tones came soft and low. "You took the rose (it was your will); I did not give it to you, remember this." Drawing the other hand from his breast, he added, "Had you had this to wear, ah! child, (it might have been) your heart had surely failed you." I saw he held a rosebud, deep red—as human blood—its rich-

ness fixed my gaze. I longed to gather this rosebud from his hand and hold it as mine own, though 'twere but for a moment. It was half human for it had living, bloodshot eyes and they stared at me from every petal. The leaves on the stalk were made of greensome jewels that held my eyes and seemed to plead in a malicious, dominant way that I would give the rosebud instant freedom from his hand (behind the holder's back a demon urged me). Half up I rose and made to snatch the jeweled rosebud from the hand that held it back; but, as I merely *touched* the thing I became powerless as the weakest mortal, *after suffering greatest pain*.

The Holder of this curious rosebud bent and touched my shoulder. I shrank from the hand in terror as he said, "Poor child beguiled," and then, "Have patience, and *only trust me*, you shall have a rose, these were never meant for you. That one *is near* that was intended as a wedding gift," he sadly smiled into my eyes and my pain disappeared. He spoke again, "Child of Great Impulse! Show me your hand." I opened my left hand, the one that was the nearest to him, it held a pearl. He touched my head. I raised my eyes and saw his gentle smile. "Tell me," he asked, "where is your garden and have you a rose tree there?" "Not in my garden," I replied, but added, "Just on the hedges, and nothing one-half as beautiful as those you held." He left me, as it seemed, for an age, but he came again; his arms were laden with snowy blossoms. "Where did you find these lovely flowers," I asked, "not in my little garden?" "Yes, just on the inner hedges of your ground," he answered, and coming a little nearer, held out his arms. "Choose now," he said. I chose the one that had the sweetest perfume, but was small as if plucked before its time, or the last blossom from a failing tree.

He sighed deeply and as I raised my eyes the room was filled with softest rays of light, not from the moon alone. It was as if rainbow sun rays searching through clouds blended with moon, a soft tinted yet warm searching light.

I seemed to read that in his eyes was gladness at my choice, for he threw all the others up, into the light above my head and they disappeared. He seemed to wait, so I placed the white rose on my breast above my heart, bending to see that I would keep it there securely. I saw a queer, queer sight. "See, see, *my Friend!*" I called.

He came closer and bent to see. So closely did he come to me that I felt his breath, and heard him say, "Ah, now, all's well, I am content. It is the face of an *old* world child." Love's innocence. Then I awoke.

THE GARDEN.

"I had a dream through all my nights of sorrow
That I might find perchance in happier hours
One little corner in the World's Great Garden—Home of
the birds and flowers.

I had a dream, the velvet of the roses cradled my head
The birds their vespers sang.
I found "The Garden" . . . In its flowers lay hidden . . .
Only a dream, *that* died."

THE WOMAN'S PRAYER
OR
THE ANGEL OF PAIN

“There is an angel who unseen is always with us,
We in vain must ever seek to solve, I ween,
The mystery of all human pain.”

Some years ago I had a friend, a woman, with an only child. The babe grew to a handsome, winsome lad. He gained all hearts. He was his mother's pride.

Yet with all this she trembled day and night fearing that he would carry on a curse she thought rested on her house that she had no power to lay.

One day she fell asleep and dreamed that this, her earth-bound child met another, his own sister 'gone on,' and as they struggled for 'right of way', she having grown the stronger, won. She tore the red flesh from his limbs until he screamed aloud, *grew white to death*, through pain.

His mother ran to separate them; pushing the girl away she clasped her son closely to her heart, turning her back upon the girl.

As these two, mother and son, moved off, the girl who stood with downcast eyes cried out as if in greatest mortal pain, “Oh! Mother, you are my own dear Mother too! I could not hurt, he is my brother.”

My friend awoke, she said *her "heart felt cold as death."* We soothed and assured her it was only a dream (to calm her dreadful fears).

Years passed away. Mother and son, he was much grown, were inseparable, though sometimes poverty made Life cruelly hard to bear; but hardest of all unlooked for separation came. She, mother-like, had hoped to keep him by her side; in her great weakness she cried out, "Must this be, he too will go, I'll be alone."

She dreamed yet another dream. "He rose up fully grown, ever-loving and kind to her, yet he must go along a road stretching far out of sight by a great seashore.

She stood at her garden gate watching him, as steadily and erect he walked, whilst she was bent in grief. As he neared the bend in his road he turned and looked to where she was standing, shading her eyes.

He raised his cap above his head, pointed it to the sky, waved it long and looking at her waved it again. Hopeless and aimless now her life appeared though she too waved *long and steadily to her son as she strangled her sobs.*

At the place where he had waved and pointed his cap there rose a brilliant star. She saw it but her heart rebelled and she moaned aloud, "*Oh! it is not fair, how can my heart be brave in this terrible loneliness.*"

She woke. He was at her side. He knew that she had had a dream and he had news to tell, but not to be parted yet. Years draw on to close the pages of that woman's life and she sees now there need not have been all that useless pain had her heart only known stronger Faith to read her dreams aright.

* * * *

The babe had grown to a healthy child and had entered man's estate. Nothing of that dread 'thing' had appeared to crush his soul. The curse was laid but only by an unseen powerful hand.

His Mother recognized this and thus in thoughts she kneeled beside an olden grave and said, "Our Father God, Lord of all, *Heaven in Earth*, our Love! I thank Thee; for him, he who still lives 'on the other side' whose earthly parts lay here. And for 'myself' this all too blurred a soul, once perfect (though only a faint reflection) from Thine, that thou God gavest me. And for Thy watchful Love o'er this one, living still in Earth, on Earth's Planet, parts of 'us,' his and mine.

I know Thy tender care rests over all those that are parts of us all, through him, our child. In perfect Faith, sweet Hope of Love to thine own will I leave them, knowing now perfectly; that the old promise holds good. *All will be well* with those who simply trust in Thee."

"For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for all toil and talent
And Love that *seems* wasted here."

THE DOG AND BIRD.

Ann Williams, Grace Conyers and I were talking over Jane Murray's coming marriage. We laughed and said the whole thing was absurd, painfully so, as we loved her. The world, we knew, would make very unkind remarks (we were no better, for it took little effort from us she trusted to draw her out) and not spare most scathing sentiments, *i. e.*, an old maid's eagerness to marry anyone.

We also got on a more serious topic, put our thoughts in words, "That women took marriage far too lightly, hardly considering before taking such bonds, never fully realizing that marriage must always symbolize true unity, two souls' complete union, a comradeship eternal, to make us one whole beautiful being, not only in life here, but ever hereafter 'on the other side.' God-in-man, man-of-God, by God made perfect-loving souls of Love. The woman *should be highest* (as she was made by strength from man's rib) at his side an equal, but to give him the warmth of sunshine from her heart filled with purest aspirations only for building his ultimate nobler life."

That night I dreamed a curious dream which I now give you. I was at a 'Gathering.' It appeared to be the announcement of someone's coming marriage. The woman from what I heard was very much the man's senior. His

mother was much perturbed; her women friends did not seem to give her much comfort. He, the son, sat apart looking sullenly hard.

As I entered the room he saw me and his expression changed marvellously. He came forward and caught both my hands saying, "*I am so glad to see you.*" I was surprised for I was a stranger to all gathered there, though I had seen his mother's face before. The young man went on to say, "You will help me, will you not to show them what I feel!"

A few of his men friends seemed sympathetic; but the greater number looked dubious and horrid sneers seemed hovering at their lips as to his sanity in addressing me, a perfect stranger, on his innermost thoughts.

Jane Murray was the happy possessor of more than a comfortable yearly income. The man seemed to be about thirty, she was much passed forty.

Every eye was turned upon us as we took our seats. I was eager to learn what he had to tell me and my interest in him grew as I read that there was earnestness in his eyes, though at first his sullenness had hidden it.

I was surprised to see his mother grow fearfully agitated as her son drew out a folded sheet of thick brown paper from the table drawer—what could it mean! He tore three bits and put them into an earthenware dish on the ground at our feet. The room was unfloored, the earth seemed baked hard. Suddenly my mental vision cleared. I saw what he intended doing to prove his reason for marrying one so apparently unfitted to be his companion *for life*.

I drew my chair in closer to the table and we touched hands. I was eager now to help him, saw his face grow pale as the sleep, death's twin brother, as the scraps of paper nearly united it fluttered together, rose (as it were, with great effort), tried to crawl out of the dish on to the floor, but could not, it was too weak. The faint form, that of a dog, was perfect. I saw that at once. He desired that it should be a 'life' sample, that they round him might under-

stand his motives. The dog was striped as a Bengal tiger, 'savage faith,' in himself, giving her truest love.

I took a deep breath and let it out slowly as I grasped his hand; instantly the little dog sprang out onto the ground, perfectly formed in every limb, he, the man, sank down quickly. I whistled it to me and held it up facing all! I loosened his hand and ran out to the back garden behind their house and making a deep hole I placed the dog there. It was growing very weak as it left my arm but made a struggle to follow me. "No, no, naughty dog! Go to rest!" I said and it sank completely to earth.

I returned quickly and found great confusion. A surgeon was amongst them I heard, but that before I got back the future bridegroom had begun to show faint signs of returning consciousness. As I entered the room he opened his eyes. His mother's expression had rapidly changed as I entered without the dog. Her whole soul seemed going out to him, her only son, not heeding any of the remarks made to her by her so-called friends.

As soon as I saw that he had fully regained his strength I left them, unseen by him and joined Ann and Grace in another room of the same house.

They seemed startled and unstrung, but before I could ask the reason, I saw a large bird rise slowly a short way above an old out-house and as slowly sink back again. I felt a little faint. "Why! it is a canary magnified to the size of an eagle," I said, and added, "did you see that?" "Yes, yes, twice before you came in. It is that, it is that" they simultaneously exclaimed. "We were nervous, it seemed so big and queer and we could not understand; we admired it but could not imagine from where it has come," said Grace.

I looked keenly over the balcony and saw that the place in which I had put the little 'Faith Dog' back to earth was now a patch of glorious small sunflowers.

The bird had risen from the dog's grave, sinking again that became, flowers, Love's sunny emblems.

Translate this any way you like my patient readers. I cannot do else but say, "It was a lesson directly to me of what combined True Faith in Love *and* the True Beauty of Souls may accomplish, even on this matter, of Fact seeking Reasons on Earth.

* * * *

Elizabeth Browning says (I have echoed her) :

"For when a Soul, by choice, and conscience doth put out her *full force* on another Soul, the Conscience and the Concentration both make *mere* Life—Love."

THE STAR.

It was Sunday evening. I had waited until the bells ceased to open a new book, a gift. It was one of which I had often heard and longed to read; so settled down to a mental feast. 'What all the World's a-seeking' (one of Trine's soul-awakening works) seemed just the thing for that evening.

Happiness, in unselfish Love, was breathed everywhere. The calmness of sea and landscape with the bells echoing round added gladness to the air.

I had hardly turned a leaf of my book when it slipped away from my hands.

A star rose suddenly in the South, that was queer, but queerer still, it shot across higher up and rested due East.

Queerest of all the star burst open! and then there appeared an amazing combined apparition of Bird, Beasts and a Human Form. The head and neck of the beast which appeared first was a dog's, but the shoulders, back and legs were of an ass. This I was sure of as the black stripe down the back of the ass appeared and its hind legs hung down in space behind the ruptured star.

On the neck of the dog, under its long ear, rested a snow white dove whilst over the head floated the form of a very young woman.

Her face could not be clearly seen only the eyes shone out clear and tender and her hair flowed round in space.

As she floated above the spear points of the star that divided her from the apparition of the combined creatures it seemed but an instant, but she rested there and seemed to have her full freedom to come, go and stay at will.

As I gazed at this symbol in awed admiration a voice came down behind me and said, as it were, in proclamation, "*That is your Star!*" The hour was barely 8 P. M. as I rose and picked up my book.

I translate this dream as being sent as this lesson: rise! above all Human passions and thereby become 'rulers' instead of 'slaves.' The dog-ass creature representing patient endurance and faith through trials, coupled with unselfish love (imagined by the dove). The Human form representing a soul that has conquered.

Let us all try.

GOOD NIGHT!

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